fearful possibilities of an obstructed track. with the speedy detection and fight against over whelming odds that would follow, if the train for which we waited did not arrive sooner than pursuers from Big Shanty. When we recognized the whistle of the coming frain it was almost as welcome as the boom of Mitchel's cannon, which we expected to hear that evening afterall our work was done. As it rumbled by us we fully expected an instant start, a swift run of a few miles, and then the bard work but pleasant excitement of bridge-burning. Alas!

ANOTHER RED FLAG.

in advance. The train for which we had waited with so much auxiety had no sooner stopped than we beheld on it an emblem more terrible than any comet that ever frightened a superstitious continent. Another red flag! Another train was close behind! This was terrible, but what could be done? With admirable presence. of mind Andrews moderated his impatience, and asked the conductor of the newly-arrived train the meaning of such an unusual obstruction of the road. His tone was commanding, full explanation. To Andrews it had a thrifting interest. The commander at Chattanooga had received information that the Yankee General Mitchel was coming by forced marches and in full strength against that town; therefore all the rolling-stock of the road had been ordered to Atlanta. This train was the first enwas behind. It was to start a few minutes after he did, and would probably not be more than ten or fifteen minutes behind. In turn, the conductor asked Andrews who he was, and received the information that he was an agent of General Beauregard, and that he had impressed a train into military service in Atlanta, which he was running through with powder, of which Beauregard was in extreme need. Under such circumstances he greatly regretted this unfortunate detention. The conductor did told Andrews that it was very doubtful if he could get to Beauregard at Corinth by going Mitchel had captured Huntsville, directly on the line between them. Andrews replied that this made no difference, as he had his orders, and ed, adding that Mitchel was probably only paying a flying visit to Huntsville, and would have to be gone soon, or find Beauregard upon him, Andrews also ordered the conductor to run far twoin to draw in behind him, and for both trains there to wait the coming of Fuller with the regular mail. His orders were implicitly obeyed? and then to our party recommenced the awful trial of quiet waiting. One of the men outside was directed to give notice to those in the box-car of the nature of the detention, and warn them to be ready for any emergency. Either Brown or Knight, I think, executed this commission. Leaning against our car, but without turning his eyes towards it, and speaking in a low voice, he said: "We are waiting for one of the trains fight. Be ready." We were ready; and so intolerable is suspense that most of us would have felt as a welcome relief the command to

conflict. A PRECIOUS HOUR WASTED.

throw open our door and spring into deadly

Slowly the leaden moments dragged them-

time on which we had allowed ourselves to Union soldier. As she trudged along the jaws of death and the mouth of count was two hours; now half of that was thrown away at one station, and nothing accomplished. We dared wait no longer. Andrews decided to rush ahead with the intention of meeting this extra train wherever it | they could see her. She is the first woman I might be found, and forcing it to back before him to the next siding, where he could pass it. The resolution was in every way dangerous, but the danger would at least be of an active character. Just at this moment the long-expected whistle was heard, and soon the train | dead-line were almost forced across it. A sencame into plain view, bringing with it au almost interminable string of cars. The weight and length of its train had caused the long delay. | shouted that we could not get back. The old Obedient to direction, it followed the first extra | villain then levelled his musket at us and down the main track, and its locomotive was a | pulled the trigger, but the cap failed to explode. long way removed from the depot when the last | We then made a desperate struggle and forced car cleared the upper end of the side track on which we lay. At length it had got far enough down, and it was possible for us to push on. Andrews instantly ordered the switch-tender to arrange the track so as to let us out.

A NEW DIFFICULTY.

But here a new difficulty presented itself. crowded across the dead-line, which latter con-This man had been in an ill humor from the sisted of a mere furrow ploughed in the ground. first, and was now fully convinced that some- He jumped back instantly, but a sentinel fired thing was wrong. Possibly the tone in which on him nevertheless, sending a musket ball he was addressed irritated him still more. He clear through his lungs and body. A rebel surtherefore responded to Andrews's order by a geon who happened to be in the vicinity ran surely refusal, and hung up the keys in the sta- up, and thrusting his finger into the front tion house. When we in the box-ear overheard | wound, exclaimed: "Didn't hit any bone his denial, we were sure that the time for fight- there." The man was then turned over, and I cannot refrain from tenderi ing had come. There was no more genion for the wound in his back from which the ball had dreading the issue of a conflict at this station | escaped was exposed to view. "Ged! didn't than'at any other point, and we waited the sig- hit any bone there either. He's a goner," ex- the anguish of your bereavem nal with the confident expectation of victory. | claimed the surgeon, again sticking his finger | only the cherished memory of

But even a victory at that moment would | into the wound. The prisoner soon died. Men | lost, and the solemn pride that have been most undesirable. We had no wish are shot here continually by the eagerly-watch- to have laid so costly a sacrifice to shed blood unnecessarily. A telegraph office | ful guards. was at hand, and it was possible that before the | Fib. 7th.—On account of the frequent preswire could be cut a message could be flashed ence of South Carolina's fair daughters along To Mes. Bixby, Boston, Mass. ahead. There were also engines in readiness the artiflery platforms of the stockade, the | Another case is that of the for prompt pursuit, and while we might have overcome immediate opposition by the use of bodies of the dead prisoners that are daily and I were boys together in the

signal for a close and terrible chase. THE VALUE OF A COOL HEAD.

in doubt, boldness and promptness on the part of an opponent are almost sure to carry the day. Ceasing to address the switch-tender, Andrews walked hurriedly into the station, and with the truthful remark that he had no more time to waste, took down the key and began to unlock the switch. The tender cursed him terribly, and called for some to arrest him. The gan to host and yell; but before any one had They were all finally released by Sherman.] decided as to what ought to be done, Andrews had unlocked and changed the switch, and waved his hand for the engineer to come on. It describe to ingratiate himself into the favor of was an inexpressible relief when the cars moved | our captors, reported to them that a large tunforward and the sound of strife died out. As | nel was being dug somewhere in the prison, soon as the locomotive passed to the main track, but that he was anable to learn precisely where Andrews tossed the keys to the ruffled owner of | it was. They instituted a thorough search, but them, saying, in his blandest manner, "Parlon were unable to discover anything of the kind. me, sir, for being in such a burry, but the con- Becoming alarmed, they cut off our rations unfederacy can't wait for every man's notions. Lil the locality of the tunnel should be disclosed. You'll find it is all right," and stepped on board | The fact was, no tunnel was being constructed. his engine. The excitement gradually coased, After we had starved twenty-four hours a and no thought of pursuit was entertained until | party of prisoners suspected the truth, and startling intelligence was received a few mo- lafter making a small excavation at night, took ments later from Big Shanty.

[To be continued.]

statue to Theroigns de Mericourt, the heroine comes out of our stock of vitality. [The men | health is so bad that his friends cannot hope of the insurrection of women and leader of the | who dug the mock tunnel were ferreted out, | that he will long survive. Monad march on Versailles of October 5, 1789 and taken outside and barbarously punished. This is the simple record of a noble family. and who was called by the Revolutionists "the First Amazon of Liberty," and by Carlyle "the | the yellow fever are found here. Suppose that | Commander Cushing, the hero of this heroic brown-locked, light-behaved, fire-hearted De- epidemic had broken out last summer at family, live in Fredonia. He left two clildren moiselle Theroigue."

From Florence to Goldsboro---Four Thousand Skeletons Paroled.

ZVII.

Swift and frequent are the mutations of war, entertain great hopes that Kilpatrick may raid story to tell of starvation, foed not fit for hops, Success can never be assured to any enterprise us out. Many prisoners belonging to the and brutal treatment generally. Danville is "O Jim!" I says, rushin into the settin'working squads are breaking their paroles and 140 miles southwest of Richmond. The pris- room right after breakfast Wednesday mornin', Jim!" running away. Some of them have been re- oners there made many unsuccessful attempts "Mary's goin' to leave to-morrow, and the captured, court-marginated and sentenced to be to "tunnel out." The usual parole of honor water is froze, and Annie's got such a cold -Come up stairs, now, and get yourself fixed." hanged. They are at present confined outside signed by the prisoners working on the ontside she's pretty near sick, and how we'll ever get the stockade, in what it termed "the dun- reads as follows: "I hereby pledge my word of along with havin' 'em all over to supper I'm pron." It is a dark, filthy den, about twenty | bonor that I will not violate my parole by going | sure I don't know!" feet square, consisting of a stockade rooted beyond one-half mile from the prison limits." "Now don't you go to actin' as if the end of over, and is without windows or proper ventibatton. No man can stand it to be kept ping prisoners away. We don't know where gettin' excited over the least little thing. I'll there long. Yesterday, as one of the sen- they go to. The meriality here is dreadful. tenced men was being marched part the gate. and without reserve the conductor gave the which happened to be epen at the time, he brake from his guards, ran inside, and was case on the evening of the 16th inst. [That | cool and everything 'Il come out all right," specified by his friends. The releis were night the vanguard of Sherman's army crossed "Well, I guess I'll have no trouble in keepin' unable to find him, and gave notice that unless | the Congarge, and on the following morning | cool?" I says, beginnin' to get kind o' mad. he was surrendered, rations would be cut off entered Columbia, S. C.1 We reached Wil- "Mary's gone and let the fire go out in the from the whole camp. He thereupon gave mington during the night of the 17th, and hi- furnace and I'm most frozen a-ready."

stallment, but another and still longer section | new pack of bloodhounds to hunt prisoners | point, and arrived here this afternoon. We are with. In order to test their ferocious qualis bivouacked in the woods. This morning at rest of the house at the same time, I'd like to saw such a lot of things as there is in that little mite better'n other people. I never could ties, four prisoners were yesterday supplied | Wilmington I saw an insene man in our ranks | know?" start. At the appointed time the rebel officers | him. The weather was exmounted and set out in pursuit, preceded by the | kind-hearted citizen gave bounds. Much to our gratification, the boys were | The ladies of Goldsboro hav not overtaken, and will doubtless get away.

RESTORING STOLEN PROPERTY. Feb. 2d.—Yesterday afternoon several hun- who swore profusely at the gr dred colored soldiers of the Union army, who ling on their exhibition of w were captured while assaulting Fort Wagner, [Charleston was taken on the not suspect the faisity of these prefences, but arrived from Charleston, guarded by a regiment of "galvanized Yankees," On being | night before last, on flat-cars drawn up at rebel headquarters, the "gal- men were frostbitten during through Chattanooga, as it was certain that vanized " were disarmed and turned into the of them froze their feet. Wi stockade along with the negroes. The latter | ing there yesterday to be c. had been well-treated at Charleston, and startled by cannonading dow well fed, and had been allowed to retain all the gradually grew heavier and m should press on until they were countermand. | money, clothing and valuables they had in | only the gunboats practising their passession when captured. On their way | rebel officers informed us, to this point on the cars they were robbed of | however, and listened breath almost everything by the "galvanized." Some | port. In about twenty mi of them were even compelled to give up the | shouted that he saw a shell be chough down the main track to allow the next | pantaloons they were wearing. When we | We all sprang to our feet and learned these facts we told them to take back | ly, and in an instant discerned their property by force, and stood ready to of another shell. There was nesist them if necessary. No resistance was | doubt but that the Union ar offered, and they recovered most of the stolen | imity to the city. The wi articles and money. When the rebel officers ensued. A rebel horseman gr wish to amuse their lady visitors (and they livered an order, and with have a good many of them) they range them | were driven like sheep to the along the ramparts of the stockade, and then | out of the city and on towards cause a barrel of molasses to be rolled inside. | last prisoners to leave declare Such prisoners as can be induced to take part | the rattle of musketry. Sein the exhibition are then marshaled in line, | leaped off the ears and took t tin cups in hand. The barrel of molasses is set | a great many of them were sh the rebels are running off from Mitchel. If we on end and the head knocked in, and at a given We are now told that Wilmir are detected before it comes, we will have to signal the prisoners in line rush for the barrel, On returning to this city we to and scramble to "souse" their cups in and dred Union officers at the get them out again without spilling the con- them shed tears on viewing ou tents. The struggle is a laughable one, many | tution, and divided their more of the participants getting smeared with with such of our number as we sweetness from head to foot.

> A WOMAN IN THE STOCKADE. Feb. 3d.—A sick prisoner happened to be on | terday, and passing through the outside to-day, on some kind of a detail, reached the Union lines to-

sands of prisoners popped out of their holes

in the ground like so many prairie dogs, and

whosped and yelled like crazy men as long as

Fib. 4th.—We are still "counted off" every

Sunday. On the last occasion several thousand

of us were crowded into the southeastern cor-

ner of the prison, and those of us next to the

charge and with an oath ordered us back. We

SHOT DOWN ON THE DEAD-LINE.

clap-board dead-house erected.

A RENEGADE'S TRICK.

Feb. 10th.—The other day a rascally prisoner,

some rebel officers to it on the following morn-

have ever seen inside of a stockade.

"If old Yellow Jack gets amongst you, you're gone, dead sure."

Feb. 12th.—A prisoner who was once incarcerated at Danville, Va., informs me that a novel ration issued there was by courtesy cabbage that was so thickly covered with eabhage lice that it was hard to tell whether the soup partook more of the vegetable than of the other element. The prisoners were glad to get it, however. The meat issued there was full of integrats. It makes no difference where a Jan. 31st.—Owing to Sherman's triumph, we prisoner has been confined, he has the same

Feb. 15th. - Forday the reliefs commenced ship- the world had come! You women are always can.

REMOVING THE PRISONERS. Feb. 1st.—The rebel officers have procured a winds. This morning we took the cars for this like an oven."

> to see us, bringing us food. (of mercy also came a troop of:

Near Wilmington, N. C., Feb. : thousand of us were paroled a

same to-day to see her brother, who is a of artillery. We have truly eme cordurey road that crosses the swamp thou- rapidly approaches a victorious [To be continued.]

> PAY THE PEN Whole Families who have L Upon Freedom's A

[Wash. Cor. Phila, Pr. Let us pay the honest fellows big as they are -I mean the f their health in the Chickaho who lest their arms at Antiet

tinel on the rampart brought his musket to the Fredericksburg, or legs at Gett; There is a glorious side to there are many noble character families whose record can neve have two or three in my mir Bixby family of Boston, to who (the greatest master of Engli the crowd back. If his musket had been diswrote the following letter. M charged he would have killed or wounded two or three men, as he stood not ten yards from us. | poor woman in the Eleventh v who lost five sons in the army, Feb. 6th.—One day at Charleston, while ra- was severely wounded about the

tions were being delivered, a prisoner was | coin wrote; EXECUTIVE I Washington, No. Dear Madam: I have been file of the War-Department a st Adjutant-General of Massacht gloriously on the field of battle I feel how weak and fruitles you from the grief of a loss so ove consolation that may be found the Republic they died to save.

I pray that our Heavenly Fat! of freedom.

Yours, very sincerely and re-

our firearms, our triumph would have been the strewn around the gate, and have had a rickety of Fredonia, N. Y., whose beauty amages cover visitor. I was there for a few days during the Feb. 9th.—The Union officers at Charleston | past summer, and, naturally, I wanted to go to The daring coolness of Andrews removed all are confined in the jail. [At Columbia, S. C., Forest Hill, the village cometery, which, by the embarrassments. While men are hesitating and | was the notorious "Camp Sorghum," a prison | way, is as charming as any flower garden, as it pen in which about 1,500 officers and men were ought to be. An old school-fellow, Sidney incarecrated. Several were killed by blood- Wilson, who left both legs at Gettysburg, drove hounds while attempting to escape. Great suf- | me along, behind his blooded mare, the pretty fering was experienced from cold. Shootings avenues of Forest Hill. On a little mound is by sentincls were common. At an election held the Cushing monument, erected by the widow there, Lincoln received 1,024 votes, and McClel- of the intrepid Cushing, whose laurels are not lan 143. Among these prisoners was Licuten- yet faded. The monument is of massive granite. ant Byers, of the Fifth Iowa infantry, author square as to the sides, and about eight feet crowd around also disliked the action, and be- of the song, "Sherman's Murch to the Sea." high. On the four sides is inscribed the pathetic history of four brothers. On the front is the following:

In memory of WILLIAM B. CUSHING, Commander U. S. Navy. Died at Washington, D. C., December 17, 1874. Age, thirty-two. Buried at Annapolis Md. On another side is the following:

In memory of ALONZO II. CUSHING, Lieutenant U. S. A. Aged twenty-two years, Fell at Gettysburg, Pa. Buried at West Point, N. Y. On the third tablet of this sorrowful monument is the following:

HOWARD B. CUSHING, Lieutenant U.S. A. Aged thirty-three years, Killed by Apache Indians. Buried near Tueson, Arizona,

On the remaining side is the name of the ing. Rations were then sent in at cleven fourth brother, who must soon follow, Milton o'clock. When we miss rations for a day the | B. Cushing, who is a retired Paymaster U. S. In Marcourt, Belgium, is to be eracted a rebels never make good the deficiency. It Navy. He is about forty years old, and his

Feb. 11th.—It is again reported that eases of | How nathetic it is! The widow and mober of Andersonville. A rebel once said to me there: -two little girls.

STRIKING IT RICH;

known as "cabbage soup." It was made out of Or, From Kitchen to Parlor and Back Again.

[By Ethel Allen.]

CHAPTER V.

go right down to the intelligence office and tell

'em to send up a girl, and then I'll stop at the Goldstone, (N. C.,) Fib. 18th.—We left Flor- plumber's on my way home. You just keep

vouacked on a hill, exposed to the cold ocean | "Then stay up here, can't you? This room's | ryin' up stairs. "There they are now, just | be a Catholic, and done with it, before I'd go

"How can I stay up here and sweep all the

with rations, and were allowed half a day the who did not have a single stitch of clothing on ! "What under the sun do you want to sweep all the house for? The idea of makin' such a terrible fuss all because two or three people are comin' over to supper to-morrow night! Why 'em up lookin' for your old handkerchiefs. I It's most probable, if I was a Baptist, for indon't you wait to sweep till after they're gene?

> again. You women beat the Dutch with your sweepin' and fussin'!"

she?" little, but you'll clean the whole house from find a speck of dirt somewhere or other. There's no sense in any such fussin'."

"Well, I guess if I didn't do some fussin', as you call it, you'd be a heap more uncomfortable than you are! You know you used to be forever braggin' about my kitchen always lookin' | in'." how!"

"I'm no crosser'n you are, at any rate! If you want to upset a woman entirely just invite two or three people over to supper. It'll spoil all your comfort for three weeks to come, like as not,"

"Well, if I've spoiled all your comfort, why don't you hurry down town then?" "I'm goin' as fast as I can. I'll be bound

if I don't stay all day, too, while I'm about

"All right! I just wish you would!" I calls | comin!" after him as he rushed down stairs and slams

the front door. I didn't care just that minute, either, whether he ever come back or not, but I tell you it wasn't long before I begun to feel awful bad, to think I had been so cross. Jim and I never had had no very big quarrel in all the two mond!" says Jim. "Sallie, you go up stairs Sunday, Mr. Miller, no matter how tired I years we'd been married. I was terrible afraid he'd stay away the whole day as he said, but then I knew he never could keep mad at nobody more'n an hour at a time, so I hoped very strong that he'd come back to dinner, as usual. I was dreadful busy sweepin' and fixin' things all the mornin', but, notwithstandin' I had so much to do, it seemed an awful long while till noon, and I kept goin' down to the dinin'-room to look at the clock every half hour or so. But Jim never come home at all, and I had to eat dinner without him. Then I egun to get mad. I just thought he could tay away as long as he pleased. I wasn't goin'

o be the first to make up anyhow; not much I When Jim come in at last I was up in the ettin'-room holdin' the baby and rockin' away or dear life.

"Hullo!" he says, mighty pleasant, as soon s he opened the door. "Well, you've got back, have you?" I says,

Then what does he do but put his arms ound me and the baby and give us both a

ood hug. "See here, little woman, you don't want to a mad at your husband no longer! I know I

"It was every bit my fault, Jim! You idn't say nothin' at all. We won't never

narrel no more as long as we live!" "Not unless you begin it. I've got such a owerful quick temper, you know, that it on't take very much to make me just hoppin' ad. You ought to be kind o' careful what

ou say to me, Sallie." "I'll be awful good after this, Jim. But

metimes you say horrid things, to me; you now you do!" "See here, Sallie, you'll get me off again if m aint mighty careful."

"I havn't said nothin'!" "Well, you will in a minute more, if you ep on like that, and then we'll have to make

all-over again. "Did you get a girl, Jim?"

"'Course I did! I made three of 'em promise come. I told you I could get one as easy as

"But they hasn't come yet!" "Wait till to-morrow, They didn't all say rey'd be here to-day." "Mary's goin' right after breakfast, and

Annie's gone to bed sick with her cold." "She'il be all right in the mornin'. Colds aint much to have."

wrong when you expect company?"

"Now don't you worry beforehand. Wait ment." till to-morrow before you go on ravin' so." "There Jim, I knew it would be just as I said." I begins the next mornin' at breakfast, in' away to Miss Ebbs as bard as ever he could. "There hasn't no girl come, and Annie's cold

alone?" "Well, I know one thing, Sallie Miller, and | to." that is, I'll never ask no more people to supper | "O, yes! It's been right pleasant to-day, These modest monuments no great names hear; as long as I live! You've done nothin' but hasn't it, Mr. Raymond?" fret and worry and stew all the week, as if it

pen to go just right." "I think-you're-real-mean-to-scoldme so!" I says, burstin' out cryin'.

"Don't cry Sallie! Don't cry!" he says lookin' mighty distressed. "I was only in fun, 'deed I was!" But the tears kept rollin' and rollin' down

my cheeks as fast as ever they could. "See here, Sallie, you stop cryin now, and you." I'll go out to the baker's and buy everything

have to cook nothin'." "But - you -can't - buy - no - fried - o-oovsters!" I sobs. "We won't have 'em, then. I'll get a whole

and crackers and dried-beef and cheese, and everything else I can think of." "Maybe if Annie gets better she'll be willin'

to fry the oysters," I says, brightenin' up a

thats all there is about it. Now don't you church very often." eyes of yourn as fast as ever you can." "What time do you think they'll come, Jim?"

I says about four o'clock, "Why they ought to be here pretty soon, Methodist meetin' as many as five years ago." seems to me. You aint dressed yet, are you? You'd better hurry, or they'll come before Caffery, laughin' out mighty loud. you're half ready. How's Annie feelin'?"

she'll fry the oysters."

just as I thought."

"I will in a minute."

can't find one of 'em.

"Look in the top bureau drawer!" "What did you say?" "Look-in-the-top-bureau-drawer!"

screams, so loud that it makes me hearse.

back at me.

where I told you!"

and you'll have the whole thing to do over call me to come and hunt it up for you."

"Well, do you suppose I want Mrs. McCaffery | more'n one of 'em for my things! You women | I suppose sometimes, too, they have nice little to find everything all covered with dust? She'd | want such an awful sight of room for your lit- | church rows 'mong themselves that is just think I was a fine housekeeper, wouldn't the bits of ribbon and lace and such trash. You heaps of fun. So it keeps the ball rollin' its promised me half of that bureau, and you aint | all right, I s'pose, but I never could see why "I ain't objectin' to your dustin' things off a let me have but one drawer yet. Maybe I they couldn't have one church for everycould find my things myself, if I ever knew | body, and behave 'emselves like they ought to. top to bottom, as if you was expectin' the com- | where to look for 'em. You'd better dress, now | They'll have to come to it when they gets to pany to go pokin' around to see if they can't | you're up here, for they're likely to come any | Heaven, and they might as well practice down minute."

So I hurried and dressed as quick as I could, and then I sat down at the front parlor window to watch for 'em.

"Jim," I says, "I'm afraid they're not com-

"Well, you've been worryin' all the week because they was comin', and now you're worryin' for fear they aint."

"But now I've got already for 'em I want | Are you one, too, Miss Ebbs?" 'em to come. It's so disappointin' to have people stay away when you're made up your mind | church for the world. All the nicest people in to their comin'. There they are now, Jim!" So we both of us goes to the door before they has time to ring.

"How do you do! How do you do!" says | did!" Jim, shakin' hands with 'em all. "We're right giad to see you. Thought you never were

"It is all-my fault-I assure you-Mr. Miller. Mrs. McCaffery-was so kind-as to offer to cheer him up a little, seein' he's in such -to wait for me-and I was unavoidably-detained-at my office. I beg ten thousand par- lar, so as to kind o' encourage him in his pious dons-for not being-more punctual."

"O it's all right! It's all right, Mr. Raywith the ladies while they take off their am."

had on the most elegant silks ever you saw, out of the room and goes to see about supper. and a whole lot of jewelry and lovely white lace at their necks, and their hair was frizzed and curled and puffed the prettiest you ever laid eyes on. I felt awful plain by the side of 'em, and I had on my new silk dress, too.

lot, and then I went down to the parlor.

I happened to sit down right near him.

understandin' what he was talkin' about.

borhood." "Well, we haven't nothin' against the neighhood that I knows of, only its so near the lake." "Then, you do not-enjoy-water scenery?"

"Sir?" water?"

"O, yes, I like it well enough!" "Allow me, then, -to inquire -the objections | with a bald and separated skull in one corner. -you entertain-against residing-in such proximity-to our most beautiful,-I may say

glorious,-yes, glorious,-lake?"

"Well,-I-don't-know,"-I says, kind o' slow, wishin' he'd use little short words, so I'd ever know what he meant. "Possibly,-Mrs. Miller,-you have found-

the strong winds on the lake-shore-somewhat disagreeable?" "I don't like the wind, that's a fact! It's

awful cold here, seems to me, but Jim thinks it was winter all the year 'round." "From your remark-I infer-that you en-

joy-the summer months-more than those of "Yes, I like summer a heap better'n winter."

"Let me advise you-to spend next December-and January-in some milder climate. You would, without doubt,-derive very great "Her's is an awful bad one, at any rate. I benefit, -both physically-and intellectuallydon't see why it is everything always goes from such a trip,-to say nothing-of the pleasure-which would be-the natural accompani-

"What did you say, sir?" Lsays. For to tell the truth I was listenin' to Jim, who was talk-"I was simply suggesting,-Mrs. Miller,is so bad she's hardly well enough to be up, that you and your husband-take a trip through The summer suns pour down their fervid heat and how in the world am I ever to get supper | the South-during next winter, -so as to escape the severe cold weather - we are here subject | The storms of winter hurl their stinging sleet,

"Exceedingly, - Mrs. Miller, - exceedingly. was all my fault 'cause everything didn't hap- | Have you spent-the greater portion-of the day-in the open air,-may I ask?"

"No, sir; I've been in the house all day sweepin' and dustin' and workin' away every minute. One of my girls went off this mornin' and the other one's pretty near sick with a cold, so I've had to do a whole lot myself."

"I fear, Mrs. Miller,-that our acceptingyour kind invitation-has greatly incommoded "O, we're right glad you come, 'deed we are,

you want for suppor to-night, so you won't | Mr. Raymond! I was tellin' Jim, while I was lookin' for you, that I'd feel awful bad if you staid away after I'd got everything ready." "Sallie!" calls out Jim, just that minute.

"Mrs. McCaffery says that church 'round the lot of pickles and jelly and cake and preserves | corner is a Methodist church, so you can go there to meetin' next Sunday, if you want to." "Do you not intend to go with her, Mr. Miller?" asks Mrs. McCaffery. "Or are you in

> favor of some other denomination?" "Well, I don't object to the Methodists

"Well, if she can't, we won't have 'em, and | more'n the rest of 'em, but I don't go to on

werry no more, but just dry those pretty blue "Then, you are not a member of any church, I conclude ?" "No, ma'am, not exactly; but I'm sort of connected by marriage. Sallie joined the

"Pretty good! Pretty good!" says Mr. Mc-

"Now, last Sunday mornin' we went 'round "Oh she's ever so much better! She says | to that air big church just above here," goes on Jim, "and I must say it seemed a whole pack "Now, you've had all your worry for nothin', of nonsense to me to see 'em all gettin' up and sittin' down again every two minutes, and bob-"You promised you wouldn't scald no more, | bin' their heads the way they do. I was bound I wouldn't move one blessed inch, so I just sat "Well, who is scoldin', I'd like to know? | there a-watchin' the rest of 'em. I tell you, though, the singin' was mighty fine! I forgot all about its bein' a church, and I grabbed my cane "Sallie! Sal-lie!" he screams to me, while and was just goin'to bring it down on the floor, so I'm settin' the table down in the dinin'-room. | as to make 'em sing it all over again, when Sallie "What do you want!" I hollers, as loud as I | she give my arm a good pinch, and then I come to myself, as it was. I said, when we was comin' "Where's all my handkerchiefs gone? I home, that I felt as if I had been to a free show, and a prefty good one at that. I suppose I'd get tired of it after a while, but it was first rate fun just for once. I tell you it was lucky I all of 'em had programmes-I mean books, you 'know-'cause I couldn't bear one single word "I have! There aint none there!" he yells that air minister said. I thought first he was tryin' to sing, and, I must say, it was the queer-"You can't ever find nothin'," I says, hur- est tune ever I heard! I says to Sallie that I'd half way like them high-church Episcopals. "Well, I looked and looked for 'em. I never | Like as not, though, they think they're just a drawer; ribbons and laces and gloves and col- | see the use of havin'so many kinds of religion, lars, and goodness knows what all! Why don't | but I suppose it gives pious folks somethin' reyou keep your things in some kind of order? spectable to quarrel about, and they has to "Well, they was all right till you had to muss | have recreation just like us sinners, you see. never saw such a man as you are to find any- stance, and couldn't go to the theatre, or circus, Everything 'Il be upside down then, like as not, thing! If it was right under your nose you'd or nothin', it would kind o' fill in the time if I could get a Methodist or an Episcopal into a "Well, I believe if you had five hundred big | corner once in a while and pitch into em right bureau drawers, you wouldn't let me have strong for bein' so dreadful afraid of cold water.

> "That's so! That's so!" says Mr. McCaffery, laughin' again. "Well, Mr. Miller," puts in Mrs. McCaffery, "I think, with you, that there should only be

here a while, to my thinkin'."

one church, but that one should be the Episcopal "Are you an Episcopal, ma'am? Why didn't

you tell me before I went on so about 'em? "O, yes, indeed! I wouldn't go to any other Milwaukee are Episcopalians. We have elegant church socials, where we dance, and have just lovely times. Our rector is perfectly splen-

"Is he a married man?" Jim says to her. "No; he's a widower. His wife died last

"What a pity! I hope you young ladies try affliction. You ought to all go to church regu-

work." "Indeed, I never miss a single service on

Just then I caught sight of Annie out in the My! How they was all dressed up! They | hall, beckoning to me with her finger, so I slips [To be continued.]

The Lincoln Assassination. [From the Boston Traveller.] As a newspaper correspondent I had occasion Just as we started to go down stairs the baby to visit the Old Capital Prison in Washington begun to cry, so I went back to rock him to in February, 1869, to witness the exhumation sleep again, and left 'em to go on to the parlor | and the rendition to their respective relatives without me. I thought while I had such a and friends of the remains of the conspirators good chance I might as well put a bow in my | in the Lincoln assassination. President Johnhair, so I opened the bureau drawer, and the | son was about to go out of office, and he issued first thing I saw was the magnesia I got only an order permitting Christian burial to the the day before, after readin' in that book of | bodies of the five persons implicated in the Jim's that it was nice for face powder. I dressed | death of Lincoln-Booth, Mrs. Surratt, Atzein such a big hurry, you see, that I forgot all | rodt, Payne, and Harold. They had been about usin' some, so I quick rubbed on a whole | buried in ammunition boxes of common pine wood, six feet long, two feet wide, and two feet "You were extremely—fortunate—in my es- | deep. When the lid was lifted from Booth's timation, -Mrs. Miller, -to secure -a residence | coffin his face was perfect, with the exception -in this location," says Mr. Raymond to me, as | of a small hole about the size of a dime in each check. His hair was in as good condition as if "What did you say?" I asks him, not quite he had just come out a barber's shop. In taking out the body to place it in a handsome "I remarked—that your residence—was sit- | resewood coffin supplied by the mother, Mrs. as awful mean to you. Let's kiss and make uated-in an exceedingly-desirable-neigh- Booth, of Baltimore, the head dropped off from the body. Not so with Mrs. Surratt. Her face and form were perfect, and she looked like one in a happy, dreamless sleep. Her head adhered to the body in the process of transfer. Payne's body was greatly wasted. Atzerodt's was the "You are not-particularly - fond of the | worst of all, for when the army blanket that covered his remains was lifted up, it revealed a shapeless mass of blackened bones and ashes,

A New Bullet.

[From the Carson Appeal.] Yesterday the Appeal reporter was shown a bullet which had been taken from the dead body of an express robber in Arizona. When shot he had twenty rounds of Henry rifle cartridges in his belt and all the bullets were alike. They were of the explosive kind and made by the embedding of a small-sized 22 calibra cartridge in the end of the bullet of the Henry its just nice. I do believe he wouldn't mind if cartridge, point downward. It is done by boring a hole in the point of the ball and pressing the small cartridge in. When the point of the big cartridge strikes a hard, resisting object, the percussion explodes the cartridge and this splits the big ball as well as causing an explosion of powder inside of a wound, provided a bone is struck. It is a dangerous and devilish invention, and the Wells-Fargo guards should lay in a good supply of the same kind to shoot express robbers with.

The Grave-Yard at Sippican. [By Edward N. Pomeroy.] Come to this spot among the rocks and pines,-This hidden acre thou hadst ne'er beheld

Unless persuaded by a poet's lines, Or by the circumstance of death compelled. On stunted herbage and a sterile soil;

And the hart trees in agony recoil. Thou tread'st not, traveler, on a hero here; Yet these were strong to do and brave to dare,

And filled their places on the busy sphere. They and the sea were surely kith and kin, And o'er these graves, although they never stop, Marauding sea-fogs that come driving in,

A tribute from their salty plunder drop. Near this lone nook their labor was not done: Through calms and storms, from port to port

they ran: Or from the tropic to the frozen zone They sought and slaughtered the levinthan, Their virtures or their vices who shall tell, Or what their harbor since life's sails are furled! Remote from strife and tumult they sleep well

Such simple histories deep lessons teach,-Who seeketh wisdom let him pause and learn, That in His plan God hath remembered each. And each He satisfieth in his turn :

"Here at the quiet limit of the world."

That death relentless, still is not unkind, The vexed and weary to compel to rest; Nor mother earth in her affection blind

To call her crying children to her breast, -November Century